

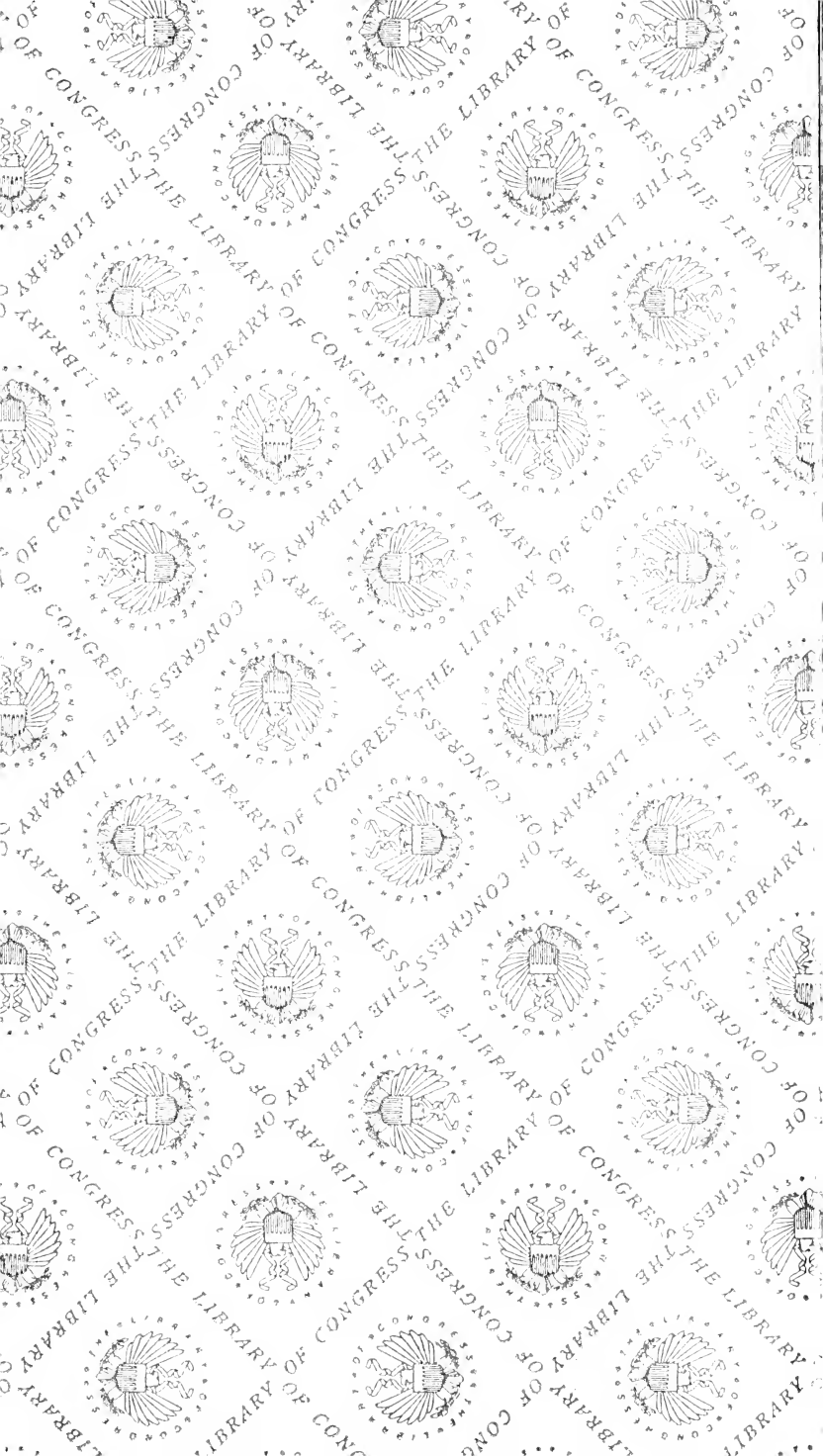
PS 1534

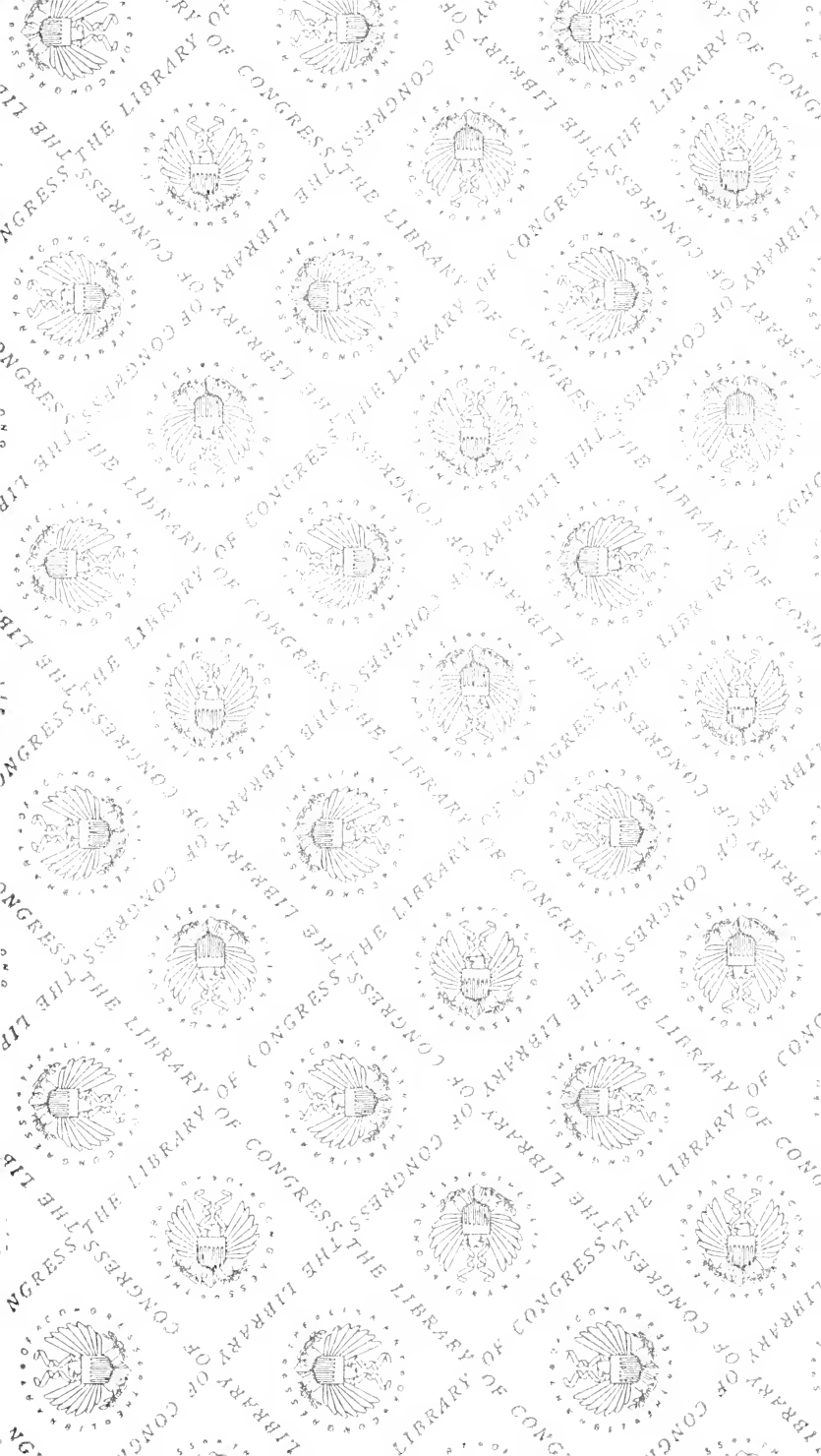
.D65 P6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0000295722A







POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH DENNING.

Elle étoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, Rose, elle a vécu ce qui vivent Les Roses,
L'espace d' un Matin.

Malherbe.

PRESENTED BY HER FATHER

TO

In Remembrance

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1821.

751554
.I65 M

0-28
46 42

ABRAHAM PAUL, PRINTER.

PREFACE.

ELIZA sometimes expressed a wish that she might not be soon forgotten, and a desire that some recollection of her should be cherished by those she loved. It was thought that this inclination could not be more certainly realized than by collecting some of her Poems, intended exclusively for her near relations and intimate friends, for those acquainted with her amiable manners and affectionate heart, who will receive with partial kindness the productions of talents not matured, and not necessary to make her esteemed and beloved; but which, in recalling her to their remembrance, may sometimes receive a tribute of feeling most flattering to her memory. Her education, and that of her sisters, has occupied many years of the life of her mother and myself, more especially

of her mother; and it was natural we should make more than a partial estimate of her acquirements: but any expectations we may have formed from them were not to be fulfilled; we have nothing left of her in this world but her memory and her tomb.

January, 1821.

Elizabeth Lanning, the author of the following fragments, was a native of Scotland, where she resided, except in summer when she retired with her father's family to a country seat, at Grange Point, on the Firth of Forth, near the Hoighlands, where it appears many of her Poems were written —

"Here first I sang the sweet of May
In infant joy — an utter theme;
And thus this song inspire my days
Your Muse along your gentle stream."

Her father, a wealthy merchant, now resides in Broadway, N.Y. by whom these Poems were published in Jan'y, 1821. But it is to be regretted that only 100 copies were printed, and those intended as mementos, and presented to her immediate friends and relations, and are taken that none should find their way to the public, where they might receive the notice due to their merit. Of their merit, little need be said: the reader will at once discover

the superior condition which he possessed at
the age of ten years: and from such a be-
ginning, what might not have been expected,
had that genius been spared, unim-
paired to mature years?

But we live only to make the
mark of one π revolution -

But disease was preying at the root of this fair spinning flower - she fell a victim to a lingering consumption in 1826, & we may suppose from the dates of some of the pieces at about 20 years of age. We have still to hope that some fortunate accident may recall them from their banishment and show the world that genius is not exclusively confined to that country which produced "Peter Bell" - "Lay of the Last Minstrel" - and the "Lays of the Minstrel" - and the "Lays of the Minstrel" - and the "Lays of the Minstrel".

New York, April 8, 1825

A. Rose

POEMS.

TO A THRUSH.

SWEET bird! whose notes, so soft and clear,
Thy melody prolong;
No gloomy winter has thy year;
For ever sweet thy song.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Here safely may'st thou sing;
No cares that shade the human mind
Molest thy blissful spring!
Oft shall thy warbling joy impart,
And tender bosoms move;
Or charm the rustic's simple heart
With melody and love.

Ah! who can boast a lot like thee,
So free from pain or care?
Or who as happy, say, can be,
Sweet tenant of the air?

A family of the Brown Thrush returned to the garden at Grassy-Point for more than twenty years; this was addressed by Eliza, when ten years old, to a favourite bird, remarkable for his fine tones.

ADIEU TO THE SAME.

SWEET bird, adieu! in milder groves
Go tune awhile thy varied strains;
And seek again thy southern loves
Amid their ever-blooming plains.
Concealed beneath the fragrant shade
Where citron bowers exclude the day,
Lull to repose some pensive maid
Who listens to thy plaintive lay.
But when once more the changing year
Shall deck with flowers each verdant lawn,
May'st thou, sweet bird, again appear
To wake with songs the roseate dawn.

MRS. HAY'S RESIDENCE.

OFT have I view'd yon tranquil cot,
 In spring's rich mantle drest,
 And smil'd upon the happy lot
 Its peaceful owners blest.
 'Tis there I see each social joy
 Content alone can bring;
 While health, and love, their charms employ,
 And sweeter make the spring.
 There lavish Flora decks the ground
 With intermingled flowers,
 And prosp'rous Ceres, smiling round,
 Exerts her utmost powers.
 Nature and love each charm unite
 Of friendship and of spring;
 To me more sweet such dear delight,
 Than all that wealth can bring.

The house of Mr. Hay is a beautiful object in the spring, as viewed from Grassy-Point, surrounded with verdure, and covered with blossoms: this was addressed by Eliza, in her tenth year, to Mrs. Hay, whose friendship she had the pleasure to retain during her life.

MY FAVOURITE BOWER.

THE rising sun's refulgent ray
 Sheds lustre o'er each dewy flower ;
 Around the cooling zephyrs play
 Where gently waves my favourite bower.
 Fair bower! thy simple sweets that blow,
 By nature's finer hand pourtray'd,
 Excel each gem wealth can bestow,
 Or mimic art hath ever made.
 Well pleased, I leave the venal crew
 That haunt the walks of pride and power ;
 My hopes a happier path pursue—
 They lead me to my favourite bower.
 Here, see the woodbine gently twine
 Around each shrub that rises near ;
 With dewdrops bright the lily shine,
 And half-hid violets scarce appear ;
 Aspiring laurels rise above
 And bloom, ambition's far-fam'd flower,
 Twin'd with the fragrant wreath of love,
 Now humbly decks my favourite bower.

Sweet, tranquil bower! where peace shall reign,
While nature every charm displays ;
Here love may breathe a tender strain,
The muse inspire immortal lays :
Affection here disclaims all art,
And friendship joins her pleasing power ;
Nor will the tuneful muse depart,
And leave her vot'ry's favourite bower.

This bower was a source of amusement, and an object of interest to Eliza the greater portion of her life ; adorned by her taste, and embellished by her fancy, its natural beauties were enhanced by her descriptions. Now desolate and forsaken, a solitary labourer still watches over it. But the gentle spirit that animated it has passed away ; and the gay and happy group that so often assembled round it has disappeared for ever.

TO CONTENT.

SWEET, rosy maid, whose gentle power
 Invites a simple muse to sing ;
 Reclin'd beneath her verdant bower,
 For you she tunes the sprightly string.

Say, lovely maid, where dost thou stay ?
 In courts, where proud oppression reigns ?
 Ah! no, from these remov'd away,
 You deign to bless our happy plains.

Oft when rude winter howls around,
 To glad the peasant's cot retire ;
 There hush the tempests gloomy sound,
 And cheer with smiles his evening fire.

And when the blue-ey'd child of spring,
 Bright blooming May, appears again,
 There, gayly form the rural ring,
 And dance amid the shepherd train.

Or seek my bower, a welcome guest!
With thy mild sway each care remove;
Build the soft warbler's downy nest,
That hails the charms of thee and love.

There too shall sing the playful muse,
Themes that thy placid smiles inspire;
Nor will her vot'ry e'er refuse
To tune for thee her sportive lyre.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

WELCOME, soft tenant of the summer shade !
 Pleas'd round my bower thy glossy hues I see ;
 This cool retreat, in mant'ling blooms array'd,
 Is form'd for beauty, innocence, and thee.
 Sweet are the orange groves where Flora smiles
 On torrid climes ; a longer summer reigns,
 O'er the gay flow'rets of the Indian isles,
 And brighter blossoms grace Peruvian plains :
 Yet, sportive wand'rer, thou art pleas'd to know,
 Amid our bowers, the charms of love and rest,
 When warmer zephyrs bid their roses blow,
 And form a deeper foliage for thy nest.
 Here thou art come to woo each timid flower
 That sheds its odour round my mossy seat ;
 Caress the woodbine that adorns my bower,
 And fan, with painted wing, each honey'd sweet :
 Yet art thou welcome for thy love alone,
 Gay bird of innocence, ne'er spoil'd their bloom ;
 Fresh are their tender charms when thou art gone,
 Unchang'd their hue, unrifled their perfume ;

Then rest thee here;—beneath this shade reclin'd,
 Thy murmuring tone may soothe my lonely hours;
 Aloft for thee those spiral garlands twin'd;
 For thee unfolds this canopy of flowers.
 The graceful motion of thy quiv'ring flight;
 Thy colours blending like the rainbow's beam;
 Thy pliant form, so agile, soft, and light,
 Seem the aerial tints of fancy's dream.
 With me embosom'd in this sylvan shrine,
 Inwreath'd in fragrance, gentle stranger, stay;
 Know that my summer 's shorter far than thine,
 And pensive cares obscure its brightest day!
 The charms I value others may despise—
 Charms are oft lost upon the vulgar throng;
 Then stay, for grace and innocence I prize,
 And beauty ever shall inspire my song.

SONG.

AURORA from her coral caves,
With rosy lustre paints the dawn;
Her blushes tinge the glowing waves,
Her tears are scatter'd o'er the lawn.

And now the portals of the day,
Along the flaming skies unfold;
Already see their saffron ray
Is lost amid the blaze of gold!

Awake, my love, while beams so bright
The landscape's glitt'ring face adorn;
A spangled scene awaits thy sight,
More brilliant than the dream of morn.

The cooling breath of early day
Along the scented valley blows—
Wafts night's transparent mists away,
And shakes the chrystal from the rose.

O let us seek the crested shade
 Where woodbines hang their nectar'd bells,
 And glossy bee-birds oft invade
 The treasures of their honeyed cells!

Or taste the wild grape's musky vines,
 That shed fresh essence through the dale—
 The odour of the fragrant pines,
 Impearl'd with trembling dews, inhale.

Where streamlets star with lucid spray
 The pendant foliage of the bowers,
 Along their moss-fring'd margin stray.
 O'er velvet turf adorn'd with flowers.

There gay-plum'd birds, like rays of light.
 Quick through the pliant branches move;
 While sweetly from the blossom'd height
 The thrush resumes his tale of love.

Though songs and odours thus beguile,
 And dazzling tints the scene adorn,
 Thy gentle tones and tender smile,
 Might still enhance the charms of morn.

Forsake thy downy couch of rest,
The balmy air, the sparkling stream:
The bower in wreaths of fragrance drest,
Are sweeter than the brightest dream.

TO MY MYRTLE.

MY lovely flower, thy buds unclose,
The blooming spring renews her reign;
For thee her balmy zephyr blows,
And new born verdure decks the plain.
No ruffian gale thy leaves shall bend,
Nor envious hand destroy their charm;
But Flora thy sweet blooms defend,
And guard thee safe from every harm.
Near thee the rose, with blushing pride,
Shall bloom awhile, and fade, unseen:
Near thee the modest lily hide
Its bending head amid the green.
The sportive loves will hover round,
Well pleas'd their native buds to view;
And eve's mild breath shall oft be found
Spread o'er thy leaves in silver dew.
Soft zephyrs through thy foliage play;
Beauty, with smiles, love's emblem, see;
The Muse inspire a votive lay,
That sings of nature, grace, and thee.

VERSES WRITTEN NOVEMBER, 1811.

'TWAS eve—the hoarse autumnal gale
 Loud through the bending forest blew,
 And o'er the many colour'd vale,
 Dull night her dusky mantle threw.
 Near Hudson's wild, romantic shore,
 Pensive, with lingering steps, I stray'd,
 Attentive to his sullen roar,
 In solemn thought, while thus I said—
 “Adieu the joys of summer's reign,
 The groves that lately breath'd delight,
 The mossy vale, the flowery plain,
 Whose charms no more to joy invite:
 For now each blooming scene is past,
 And all that pleas'd, can please no more;
 While dark November's icy blast,
 Proclaims each rural joy is o'er.”
 I ceas'd, and though the sounding wave
 Roll'd on, regardless of my sighs,
 A voice, as from the woodland cave,
 In solemn accent, thus replies:—

“ Why mourn, fond maid, the fading year,
Which soon in all its charms will bloom;
Think more on life’s contracted sphere,
Thy present, and thy future doom:
May’s breath will soon revive the plain,
And summer’s harvests reappear;
Joy and delight awake again,
And pleasure crown the smiling year.
But though life’s spring now blooms so gay,
Though, like the year’s, it soon is gone;
Yet ne’er again its golden sway,
To glad thy bosom will return.
Then haste, its fleeting bliss enjoy,
Nor vainly mourn thy life away;
In noble toils thy time employ,
And fame will every care repay.
The vain, the thoughtless, are no more,
When life recalls their transient breath;
But fame will loftier minds restore,
And genius triumph over death.”

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE MIN-
SACONGO-CREEK, JULY, 1812.

HOW pleasing is the dark wood side,
When evening veils the summer day,
Where Minsacongo's winding tide
In slow meanders steals away.
Within his limpid wave pourtray'd,
The brilliant hues of evening beam,
Mix'd with the variegated shade
Impending o'er his placid stream.
Mid woodland shades I trace his way,
Where rocks his crystal waters lave,
Or where he joins the rolling bay,
To mingle with the Atlantic wave.
Fair nature seems with varied power,
His sportive windings to pursue;
The tufted ridge, the lowland bower,
And verdant meadows, charm the view:
And even on his marshy shore,
Fair Flora's blooming train reside,
Each graceful flow'ret bending o'er,
Reflected in his tranquil tide.

Here first I sung the sweets of May,
In infant joy, an artless theme;
And may they long inspire my lay,
Near Minsaongo's gentle stream.

The Minsaongo and Flora Val, two fine streams descending from the Highland Ridge, unite near the house at Grassy-Point, and flow into Haverstraw Bay.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FLORA VAL.

HOW lovely are these meadows green,
 When dress'd in summer wreaths of flowers ;
 These lawns, and hills, that rise between
 The sloping banks of shaded bowers :
 The tufted ridge, with verdure crown'd,
 The vales which grazing herds adorn ;
 The bending orchards spreading round,
 And waving fields of glossy corn ;
 And, more than all, the stream that laves
 Its marshy sides with rippling waves.

Wild myrtles here their rich perfume
 With tall, aspiring laurels, blend ;
 And roses, fresh in beauty's bloom,
 Towards their liquid mirror bend :
 Each fragrant shrub embalms the breeze,
 And with unrivall'd sweets combine,
 Where yon high arch of crested trees,
 Is circled by the native vine ;
 And summer's brightest tints appear
 On all the treasures of the year.

No more we doubt the Muse's dream,
 Such glowing scenes have prov'd it true ;
 Here Ariosto's landscapes seem
 To rise and flourish in our view.
 Could such a poet live again,
 And on these varied shores reside,
 The stream, immortal as his fame,
 Might flow like many a classic tide,
 Though time a different course should give,
 Or change its banks, its name would live.

But now no poet sings its praise,
 But one who in life's early day,
 First in these groves attun'd her lays,
 Or dream'd youth's careless hours away ;
 Yet may such magic scenes inspire
 Some laurel'd bard of louder fame,
 To distant times his sounding lyre,
 Their charm of native grace proclaim ;
 And this enchanting stream be known,
 To future genius and renown.

STANZAS, MAY, 1814.

AH! hear me, ye zephyrs, and bear me away
 To shades where the woodrobins sing;
 Let me join to their soft-warbling concert my lay,
 And welcome the love-breathing spring:
 There the blackbird who circles the meadows along,
 Sports lightly, unnotic'd and free;
 While the thrush sings in notes, clear, melodious, and strong,
 Aloft in the wild cherry-tree.
 The vi'let's blue leaves their gay treasures unfold,
 Unveil'd, the fair lily is seen,
 Where bright shining tints of pink, azure, and gold,
 Enamel the soft rising green.
 But lately with smiles has my infancy view'd
 The spring's pleasing beauties unclosed;
 The first of the soft-breasted warblers pursu'd,
 And gather'd the earliest rose:
 The artless delight of an innocent mind,
 In strains full as artless express'd;
 For I knew not the sorrows that trouble mankind,
 Nor passions which rage in each breast.

I thought, pure as zephyrs that fan the young year,
 Or warblers that people the grove,
 That friendship was mild, unaffected, sincere,
 And mus'd on a passion call'd love.
 But now, more a slave to the world's harsh control,
 Which shades the bright joys of the heart,
 I mark the mean vices that fetter the soul
 When nature is banished by art :
 I see that to power, and fortune, belong
 The triumphs that genius should own ;
 That talents, and virtue, forgot in the throng,
 Pass often unnotic'd, unknown.
 Then fain would I wander where in the low glen,
 The streamlet glides murm'ring away ;
 Forget the rude passions and vices of men,
 While I hear each soft warbler's glad lay :
 For though virtue has fled from the cold human breast.
 Regardless of innocent love ;
 Yet it spreads its soft charm o'er the woodrobin's nest.
 And cheers the lone haunts of the dove ;
 Then hear me, ye zephyrs, and bear me away,
 Now your sighs the young flow'rets disclose ;
 Let me join to each soft-breasted warbler my lay,
 And gather the earliest rose.

ODE.

O, FRIEND ! upon this world of wo,
Still learn to gaze with look serene,
Nor with the tide of fortune flow,
Nor change, like fate's eventful scene.

Fortune, like our inconstant clime,
May vary in one transient day ;
In scarce a longer lapse of time,
Our spring of life is pass'd away.

Our fate is like the parting clouds
Which oft o'er April suns prevail ;
A tempest now our hope enshrouds,
And now bright rays of joy we hail.

Let fools enjoy the sunny beam,
When fortune's fav'ring zephyrs blow ;
And proud in wealth and honours seem,
As if their fate no change could know.

Let those o'erpower'd in fortune's strife,
 Bewail, in useless grief, their cares,
 As though the ills of human life,
 Devoid of every hope, were theirs.

But thou, my friend, should fate o'ercloud
 Thy hopes, or fortune's ray be thine,
 Ne'er triumph with the senseless proud,
 Nor with the heartless mourner join.

Our sojourn here 's a transient hour ;
 And passion's agitating strife,
 More than dark fate, or fortune's power,
 Destroys the bliss of human life.

Happy the soul to fate resign'd,
 Who reason's calm composure knows ;
 Philosophy may lull the mind,
 Though fate forbid our life repose.

Then ne'er a lover's torment prove,
 Nor to frail friendship's charm pretend ;
 For fleeting is the reign of love ;
 And few deserve the name of friend.

No more the paths of fame pursue ;
 The favour of the crowd despise :
 Ne'er flatter a deluded crew,
 Nor seem their fickle smile to prize.

For what is fame ? a short-liv'd thing,
 A vision of the human mind :
 Swift time moves on with rapid wing,
 And leaves remembrance far behind.

Of Egypt's tombs, and Thebes' proud wall,
 The founder is unknown to fame ;
 Not Esne's zodiac can recall
 The glory of its author's name ;

All past alike, appear unknown ;
 The present too has lost its worth,
 Since Cuvier's deep research has shown
 The changing surface of the earth.

There soon may rise a different race,
 A new creation crowd the scene,
 Who oft, like us, will strive to trace
 Where former beings may have been.

A few short years alike destroy
The labours we have wrought in vain ;
Deprive us of our dearest joy,
Relieve us from a load of pain.

Then, friend, upon this world of wo,
Still may'st thou gaze with look serene,
Though fortune's golden sunbeams glow,
Or adverse fate o'ercloud the scene.

THE WHIPPOORWILL'S SONG.

WHEN o'er the still tide of the wide-rolling stream
The zephyr glides gently along ;
When white sails appear in the rising moon's beam,
I love the rude whippoorwill's song.
Now twilight has veil'd the young foliage of May,
And shaded the hills of the west,
While the murmuring sound of the tide-swelling bay
Intrudes on the empire of rest.
Amid every pause of the soft-sighing gales
That play through yon valley remote,
A sound o'er the silence of evening prevails—
'Tis my poor, lonely whippoorwill's note.
How oft have I prais'd the bright warblers of day,
And, veil'd in the dark bosom'd grove,
Hear'd the mocking-bird's song, or the woodrobin's lay,
The heralds of spring and of love :
Yet dearer, when fancy, in hues of delight,
Paints joys which to childhood belong,
Recall'd by the dew-dripping shade of the night.
Appears the lone whippoorwill's song.

For though visions of pleasure, of love, or of fame,
May render thine accents less dear ;
Yet thy song, plaintive whippoorwill, still is the same,
That first pleased mine infantine ear.
Though numbers there are who thy song may despise,
And blame thy loud echoing strain ;
The innocent pleasures of childhood I prize,
They live in thy wild notes again.
And though the vain world seems my actions to guide,
May the thoughts of my bosom be long
Unalter'd by fortune, untainted by pride,
Unchang'd as the whippoorwill's song !

THE VIOLET.

HALF veil'd amid the rising green,
Lonely a modest vi'let grew,
And drank, unnotic'd, and unseen,
The mid-day shower and evening dew :
'Till ravish'd by a lover's hand,
It deck'd the bright Alphonsine's breast,
Where oft a gay, admiring band,
Its charm of native grace confess'd.
So modest worth may live unknown
To praise, to favour, and to fame :
And fortune's flatt'ring smile alone,
Can give it to the world's acclaim.

STANZAS.

O'ER the dark wave the shade of evening steals,
 Th' autumnal breezes through the forest blow ;
 The pensive gloom of twilight's veil conceals
 The chequer'd foliage of the wood below.
 Above the stream, where tall, embowering trees
 Shade the lone plain, I stand in thought profound ;
 Hear the loud murmur of the rising breeze,
 And listen to the water's hollow sound.
 At such lone hours, what vague emotions rise !
 What uniform'd visions o'er the thoughts prevail !
 Dark as the aspect of o'er-clouded skies,
 And wild and pensive as the coming gale.
 'Tis not the present that our thoughts employs,
 'Tis not the past that mem'ry's wand renews ;
 Pleasures long fled, the hope of future joys,
 Or scenes of sorrow, which our heart reviews.
 All mortal interest fades before our sight ;
 We fain would muse on pleasures more sublime ;
 Our fancy rises in unbounded flight
 Beyond the realms of nature and of time.

No vulgar bounds its wide extent control,
 No sordid wishes agitate the breast ;
 What mystic charm has wak'd th' immortal soul,
 And lull'd the passions of the heart to rest ?
 What secret spell arrests the roving mind ?
 'Tis not alone the gloom of closing day ;
 'Tis not the deep-ton'd accents of the wind ;
 Nor yet th' impressive murmur of the bay :
 'Tis not the beauties of the grove that fall,
 And faintly rustle in the vale beneath ;
 'Tis not the fading woodlands that recall
 The mournful image of decay and death.
 It seems a feeling of celestial birth,
 No earthly influence can its power control ;
 It lifts us far above the cares of earth,
 And proves the secret influence of the soul.
 It seems to say, that far beyond this sphere
 Of mortal care, anxiety, and pain ;
 When time shall bid us cease to hope and fear,
 That mystic influence may awake again.
 But how, and where ? retiring thought no more
 Dares, mid the maze of endless hope, to stray ;
 For who would long eternity explore,
 Or rend futurity's dark veil away ?

Nov. 1815.

HYMN.

WHEN midnight wraps her mantle round,
And all is silence, peace, and rest;
What hopes sublime, what thoughts profound,
Are on the waking soul impress'd!

That sapphire arch, so pure and bright,
Those planets that serenely shine,
That moon, with mild and steady light,
Remind us of a Power divine.

They seem to say, that not in wrath
Our heavenly Judge beholds the mind;
Which often, in life's dubious path,
Incurs the censure of mankind.

For raised above all mortal fear,
Or selfish pride, or worldly art;
He pities those who sorrow here.
And pardons every contrite heart.

More just than man, and far more great,
His justice can with mercy blend;
He knows the failings of our state,
And views them as a partial friend.

Then, heavenly Father, I may claim
Thy guardian care and pity still;
My heart may err, but is the same,
Devoted to thy sacred will.

THE LAUREL.

PRIDE of the woodland! see the laurel rise
High in the grove, or blush along the glade,
When June returns, beneath more lenient skies,
To spread the foliage of the summer shade.

Its polish'd leaves in bright luxuriance glow,
When moist'ning showers their pearly stores diffuse ;
In native grace its spreading branches blow,
Unknown to triumph, or the tuneful muse.

Yet once entwin'd around the warrior's head,
They seem'd of conqu'ring chiefs the brightest crown ;
Or on the brows of modest genius, shed
The envied lustre of deserv'd renown :

Or spread their honours near Castalia's wave,
Pleas'd round the Pythian victor's brow to twine ;
Fam'd as the olive wreath fair Athens gave
To crown the triumphs at Olympia's shrine.

The love of fame each gen'rous bosom warms ;
 Dear is the hope of never-dying praise ;
 Cesar for this endur'd the toil of arms,
 And this inspir'd immortal Maro's lays.

The laurel wreath could once such hope excite ;
 Proud monarchs then its spreading leaves admir'd ;
 The young enthusiast view'd with fond delight
 What heroes valued, and what crowds desir'd.

But here, a native of our peaceful land,
 It blooms unnotic'd in the mountain air ;
 Or sometimes bent beneath a virgin's hand,
 Adorns the silken ringlets of her hair.

No longer wide around the victor's car,
 It spreads the clam'rous echo of renown ;
 Nor shines the trophy of destructive war,
 Nor forms for tuneful bards a laureat crown.

Yet as it blooms in roseate flow'rets drest,
 The eye of taste shall oft its charms admire ;
 By beauty's fingers, its soft branches press'd,
 May still the hero's gen'rous soul inspire.

And as its glossy foliage star'd with dew,
All silv'ry glitters in the morning beam,
The charm of grace shall oft its worth renew,
Its native beauty be the poet's theme.

June, 1816.

COMPOSED IN THE HIGHLANDS.

HOW hoarsely the white-crested billows resound
That break on the cliffs of the rude highland shore,
When rising winds freshen through caverns around,
And echo revibrates the deep solemn roar.

But now, though thick vapours announce the loud gale,
Where waves the lone pine, on yon mountain's steep brow ;
And swift cords that rattle, as glides each tall sail,
Proclaim that the storm is descending below.

Though serpentine lightnings glance dazzling among,
Or pour their bright streams from each dark frowning cloud,
And mountain to mountain remurmurs along
The thunder that rolls and re-echo's aloud ;

Yet soon shall the pure breath of zephyr restore
A clear sky illum'd by the sun's brilliant beam ;
The tempest be heard in the forest no more,
And the white sails reflect in the calm-gliding stream.

How diff'rent the storms of the passions, whose sway
On life's troubled sea in fierce tempests we mourn ;
For though their loud tumults, like these, die away,
The calm of contentment will never return.

They triumph no more ; yet their ravage remains :
The bosom no longer pure, artless, and true,
The troubled remembrance with anguish retains,
And often shall fancy their dark hues renew.

THE COTTAGE IN THE VALLEY AT STONEY POINT.

WHILE reclin'd on a hillock, whose rock-crested brow
Rose fair o'er the landscape, majestic and high,
The low-roof'd abode, in a valley below,
Embosom'd in verdure, attracted mine eye.

Its neatly fenc'd garden, a smooth level green,
The orchard that bent with the weight of its store,
The herds that around it enliven'd the scene,
The pebble-pav'd streamlet that flow'd near the door,

Seem'd fancy's illusions, and led by her dream
To thoughts too romantic, with rapture I cry'd,
Retir'd from the rest of the world, it would seem,
That real felicity there must reside.

Protected from storms in this green, shaded vale,
Remov'd from ambition, from envy, and strife ;
The tempest of fate, or the changing year's gale,
Can never o'er-cloud the pure sunshine of life.

But reason destroy'd an illusion so dear ;
 Experience forbids us to censure our fate ;
 For happiness never is fix'd to one sphere,
 But scatters its favours on ev'ry estate.

Ambition and splendour, in yon lonely cot,
 Ne'er ruffle the calm of contentment and rest ;
 And plac'd beyond want in this rich cultur'd spot,
 It seems that its rural possessors are blest.

Yet each must endure his just portion of ill,
 And pain, and misfortune, may also be theirs ;
 The wide-spreading mansion that tow'rs o'er the hill,
 Nor low-shelter'd cottage, are free from its cares.

All stations, all ranks, have their troubles and woes,
 And power cannot guard, nor can fortune ensure ;
 The hurry of action, nor calm of repose,
 Can render the blessing of life more secure.

The children of genius too often proclaim,
 The stupid, the vain, and the thoughtless, more blest ;
 Deluded by love, or the ardour for fame,
 The harsh world oft wounds a too sensitive breast.

Their vows are deceiv'd, or they mourn the quick flight
Of hopes on which prudence would not have rely'd ;
Yet moments of rapture as often requite
The pangs that they suffer from falsehood and pride.

More lovely to them nature's aspect appears,
The wonders of art are more fair to their gaze,
And soft sensibility ever endears
The fugitive pleasures that beam on their days.

ADIEU.

FORGET me not—that fervent prayer,
 Too oft, when absent, breath'd in vain ;
 Engrav'd upon my heart, shall there
 Be cherish'd, till we meet again.

Ah ! never is affection's sway
 Asserted till the parting hour ;
 Nor do we know, till far away,
 How strong her ties, how great her power ;

For then her tender thoughts renew
 Past scenes, and fonder visions tend
 To paint more lovely to our view,
 All that has pleas'd us in our friend.

Though fainter joys more quickly fly,
 And glance in shadows o'er the mind,
 As ev'ning mists obscure the sky,
 But fading, leave no tint behind.

And as the never-failing rill,
Augments the bed it first impress'd,
Thine image, time and absence still
Imprint, more deeply, on my breast.

TWILIGHT.

HOW soft is the scene, when the twilight's pale ray
Has blended each varying hue ;
And all the fresh verdure and blossoms of day
Are faded or veil'd from our view.

The breezes repose, and the waters are still,
The last golden beam of the west ;
The woodland's dark shade, the green slope of the hill.
Reflect on the sleeping wave's breast :

Then zephyr collects from the moisten'd perfumes
The sweets of his balm-breathing sighs ;
From young glossy foliage, and dew-impearl'd blooms.
The odours of summer arise.

And on the calm air every murmur is borne,
The voices that mingle on shore,
The rill's distant echo, the faint swelling horn.
The stroke of the lightly dip'd oar.

Yet it is not alone all the charms of this scene
 Which render it fair to the mind ;
 'Tis mem'ry, and hope, in their visions serene,
 The past and the future combin'd.

'Tis th' illusions of thought which these moments improve.
 The musical sounds of the air ;
 The fragrance, the calm, wake the image of love,
 And soothe e'en the pangs of despair.

As the shade o'er the landscape, so fancy's kind sway
 The magic of twilight imparts ;
 We people the scene as its outlines decay.
 With features more dear to our hearts.

STANZAS.

WHY is the Muse a stranger to our land ?
 Valour and liberty might here inspire,
 And patriot virtues such high praise demand,
 As flow'd spontaneous from the Grecian lyre.
 And nature here the lofty strain invites ;
 Re-echoing torrents through our hills resound ;
 Majestic mountains rear their wood-crown'd heights,
 And stately forests spread their honours round :
 Unrival'd streams along the Atlantic tide,
 Roll a proud tribute to the briny wave ;
 Broad lakes expand, and there a nation's pride
 Records the triumphs of the great and brave.
 Our blooming landscapes grateful themes supply,
 On the cool mead and harvest-bearing plain ;
 Pure is the azure of our summer sky,
 And bright the splendid tints of autumn's reign.
 These native charms require a Muse's praise,
 Whose deathless verse insures a lasting fame :
 So ancient nations bade their poets' lays
 Transmit their grandeur, and their power proclaim.

'Through the thick mist of long succeeding years,
 Unsully'd still, the fame of Illion shines ;
 Each early deed of Grecian arms appears
 Enhanc'd by Homer in his matchless lines.
 The wreck of art by barb'rous hands displac'd,
 Gone are the honours of each classic land ;
 But Spartan valour oft, and Attic taste,
 Inspire the sons of many a distant strand.
 Time's pond'rous course resistless roll'd along
 O'er the proud structures of Imperial Rome ;
 Her sages' wisdom, and her poets' song,
 Surviv'd each trophied arch, and sculptur'd dome.
 Nor Gothic heroes sought the Muse in vain,
 The Celtic bards were nurs'd in war's alarms ;
 Even now, all glorious in their minstrel's strain,
 The Saxon chiefs retain their fame in arms.
 Still in soft melody on Europe's shore,
 The Muse's verse departed worth rewards ;
 Persia's sweet garden owns her fabled lore,
 And spicy India boasts her sacred bards.
 The lonely Icelander, removed afar
 From all in nature that can charm or please,
 Sings his wild descant to the polar star,
 In snow-clad regions, washed by icy seas.

The moving accents of his lay sublime,
 Mid low-roof'd huts or barren hills arise ;
 He woos the Muses of a happier clime,
 Or finds new themes beneath the arctic skies.
 Then why of nature's envied gifts possess'd,
 Rich on the land, victorious on the main,
 Freedom's fair empire rising in the west,
 Should these blest shores neglect the Muse's strain ?
 Our star-deck'd banner floats on every sea ;
 Aspiring cities on our coast extend ;
 Our plains are happy, for their sons are free,
 And youthful heroes all our rights defend.
 Yet soon the honours of our land must fall,
 The fairest works of short-liv'd man decay :
 Time, in his fearful progress buries all,
 And nought is deathless but the Muse's lay.
 Thus oft the poet in his native bower,
 Unknown, unheeded, gives immortal fame ;
 Bids genius triumph o'er the wreck of power,
 And with his own secures a nation's name.
 The Muse must twine the garland of renown,
 When crowds applaud, around the victor's head
 Can give departed worth as bright a crown ;
 And o'er the tomb a hallow'd lustre shed.

Towns sunk in dust, the pride of former days,
Arise and flourish at her high command ;
Without her vainly swells the voice of praise,
Vain are the honours of the fairest land.

TO HER SISTERS, CAROLINE AND ROSETTE,
THEN ON A VISIT TO MIDDLETOWN.

WHILE from these fair bowers you have linger'd away,
The fragrant white hawthorn has blossom'd again ;
And June has return'd in her sweets to array,
The green-circling meadow and wood-skirted plain.
While the blue iris purples our meads, and the hill
Is chequer'd by blooms the new foliage between,
The wild-mountain lily now bends o'er the rill,
And bright yellow daisies bespangle the green.
And sweetly the feather'd race sleep in the grove,
Till morning awakes them to joy and delight ;
They burst on the ear in one chorus of love,
Or spread their rich plumage to dazzle the sight.
The blackbird, all burnish'd with sable and gold,
The redbird, resplendant in glossy array,
The hangbird, that still gayer tints can unfold,
And mantled in azure, the plume-crested jay :
Then each modest songster, in plainer attire,
Like virtue, which charms us, but would not amaze :
Or genius, whose magic we still more admire,
When humbly retiring, it shrinks from our gaze.

The gay oriole with its quick warbled note,
 The brown-thrush so varied, the robin so sweet,
 The mockbird that sings in some thicket remote,
 Embosom'd in shade to his lonely retreat.
 Such the charm of our scenes : then why longer delay ?
 Can nature and harmony please you no more ?
 Your enchantress* may waken a still sweeter lay,
 But not add the beauties that bloom on our shore.
 Does friendship's kind smile other landscapes endear,
 And shed a new charm on less roseate bow'rs ?
 The soft voice of tenderness steal on your ear,
 And each note in their shade seem more tuneful than ours ?
 Yet return, though new scenes may allure us awhile,
 If friendship attend us when distant we roam ;
 More dear to the heart is the fond, welcome smile,
 And tender caress that awaits, as at home.

Grassy-Point, 1818.

* Their cousin, Augusta Shaler.

TO MISS SHALER.

HOW sweetly music's soft control,
Bids each rude passion fade away,
And swells at once and calms the soul,
Excited by her magic sway.

Yet not alone the strains of art,
With grace and harmony combin'd,
Can touch, can melt, and charm the heart.
Like thy sweet tones by taste refin'd.

In all that's form'd to please and move.
The music of the soul is found ;
In the dear voice of one we love ;
In every wild and pensive sound.

There's music murm'ring through the vale
Where breathing zephyrs gently sigh ;
There's music in the rustling gale
That moves the tossing boughs on high.

There's music whistling through the shrouds
 When rising breezes curl the bay ;
 And music in the threat'ning clouds
 That o'er the mountains roll away.

There's music in the streamlet's course
 That on its bed of pebble glides ;
 And in the torrent thund'ring hoarse
 Adown the granite's sparkling sides.

When lull'd by evening's dewy star,
 The fragrant air seems calm and still,
 The heifer's bell is heard afar,
 Like music from the grassy hill.

There's music in the plaintive horn,
 Whose notes upon the waters swell ;
 Or with shrill sound at early morn,
 Revibrates through the echoing dell.

There's music in the illumin'd oar,
 That sweeps with measur'd stroke the wave ;
 And in the surge's sullen roar,
 Responsive through the lonely cave.

'Tis thus to fancy's pensive ear,
That music wakes in ev'ry tone ;
And all that's fair, and all that's dear,
Alike her kindly influence own.

In festive hall, or rural bower,
Her charms can ev'ry scene improve,
And still enhance the pleasing power,
Of nature, friendship, grace, and love.

THE NEW YEAR.

ADDRESSED TO HER MOTHER.

ANOTHER year, too quickly past,
 Time's ebbing tide has swept away,
 But still as smiling as the last,
 We hail the New Year's opening day :
 Among dear friends we see it come,
 United at our happy home.
 Since last we hail'd the new-born year,
 With hearts as gay, and brow serene,
 What shades of fate on this strange sphere,
 Have chequer'd life's eventful scene !
 New actors tread the world's wide stage,
 New acts, new parts, men's thoughts engage ;
 And some have fled, who lately shone
 In wisdom's walks, or beauty's bloom :
 Some flower's of loveliness are gone,
 And talents buried in the tomb ;
 And many a vain illusion's o'er,
 With crowds who sunk to rise no more.
 Yet still, the fleeting hours have borne
 From us no visions of delight ;

We see the year again return,
 Regardless of time's rapid flight :
 Since no regret, or no remorse,
 With us have mark'd his ceaseless course.
 For in the calm domestic round,
 The fairest gems of peace reside,
 And every social charm is found,
 To cheer our happy fireside.
 The world's reverse, the storms of fate.
 Are felt not in our tranquil state ;
 And if their tumults meet our ear,
 When seated round the enlivening blaze,
 We view the present times, or hear
 Th' eventful tale of other days ;
 'Tis like the distant tempest's voice,
 That bids the shelter'd hind rejoice.
 And oft may each revolving year,
 Thus smile upon as blest a doom ;
 May we, dear friends, united here,
 Enjoy the pleasures of our home :
 Still in the glow of health and mirth,
 Assemble round the blazing hearth.
 Here long the sports of youth beguile,
 As fancy's charms new life impart,

Or mild affection's tender smile,
Shed gladness on each kindred heart;
And friendship's cares to us endear,
The joys of each returning year.

January 1, 1819.

Presented to her mother on the morning of the new year, Jan. 1819. She could not foresee, that ere the year terminated, this happy circle would be in the deepest affliction; her sister already taken from it, and her own situation hopeless.

THE WILD SENSITIVE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C. SHALER.

EMBLEM of hope, the feeling flower,
 Whose soft and leaf-fring'd stems receive
 The sunny ray, the dripping shower,
 The pearls of morn, the tears of eve ;
 Its tender buds to life expand,
 Afar its circling branches spread,
 Till harshly touched by some rude hand,
 It shrinks, and withering, bends its head.
 Yet still shall eve's transparent dew,
 Revive it with protecting care,
 And still in finer grace renew,
 Its verdant leaves and blossoms fair.
 So youthful hope expands its blooms,
 Though care may fade its charms awhile ;
 If fortune change, it oft resumes
 New life beneath her cheering smile.

TO CATHARINE, HER SISTER.

FOR thee, adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That youth and innocence endear,
Affection's hand would fondly trace,
A welcome to the coming year.

For who, like thee, can bless this day ?
The world is opening to thy view ;
And pleasure's smile, hope's vivid ray,
And life, with all its scenes, are new.

Now fancy's wreaths around thee twine,
Fresh as the blooms of summer rise,
And brilliant as the hues that shine
In clouds that float on evening skies.

And science bids her stores uncloze,
With native taste and sense combin'd ;
The light of knowledge brightly glows
On the clear mirror of thy mind.

Thine the warm feelings that in youth
New charms to ev'ry joy impart ;
The love of virtue and of truth,
Inspire thy kind and gen'rous heart.

Accept, dear girl, this wish sincere,
That thou mayst long as happy be ;
The days that mark time's swift career.
May still be days of bliss to thee :

And thou may'st oft, as truly blest,
As artless, innocent, and gay ;
Of health and happiness possést,
Still celebrate the New Year day.

January 1, 1820.

TO JANE LOUISE, HER SISTER.

BRIGHT for thee this morn uncloses,
 Life's infantine joys are thine ;
 In youth's blooming spring of roses,
 Pleasure's brightest sunbeams shine.

Now thy young mind expands with grace,
 All its virtues, all its powers ;
 Let science, taste, and genius trace,
 Memorials of the fleeting hours.

So this day again appearing,
 Oft shall see thy mind display,
 Increasing charms to us endearing,
 Ev'ry New Year's festive day.

January 1, 1820.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF HER
SISTER ELMINA'S ALBUM.

TO the pencil of sentiment, genius, and taste,
This pure, spotless page may be safely resign'd ;
For here by the Muses new charms shall be trac'd
And laurels and myrtles around it entwin'd.

Here sweetly the incense of praise shall arise,
Here love breathes on roses which never decay,
And bright-mantled fancy, that child of the skies,
Her rainbows, her gems, and her garlands display.

Wit, sparkle like flashes that glance round the pole,
And sport on the pure studded azure of night ;
Here sympathy shed her kind balm on the soul,
And mirth, the gay heart to new frolics invite.

As fame still inscribes upon memory's shrine
The deeds of the few whom her favour engage ;
So may genius, taste, sentiment, fancy, combine
To scatter their beauties o'er each shining page.

January, 1820.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF HER
SISTER CAROLINE'S ALBUM.

SOFTLY as spring's transparent shower descends
In lucid pearl-drops from relenting skies,
A verdant mantle o'er the scene extends,
Young buds expand, and balmy flowers arise.

Brightly o'er heaven the saffron beams of light,
The purple splendour of the east renew,
Lift from the hills the dewy veil of night,
And give the spangled landscape to our view.

When zephyrs gently curl the dimpled stream,
And breathe their vespers as eve's rainbows fade.
To fancy's pensive musings oft they seem
To tell past pleasures in the lonely shade.

'Tis thus the magic of the Muse's strain,
Wakes fairest flowers and sheds serenest rays ;
Bids joys of other times revive again,
And sounds, on silver chords, the note of praise.

Virtue from them the immortal crown receives ;
Still green in youth the wreaths of genius shine ;
Love rose of morn, in balmy fragrance lives,
Nor dreams its golden hours can e'er decline.

High to sublimer spheres they raise the soul,
And far aloft on time's strong pinions soar ;
Like night's pure gems, that bright in ether roll,
They shine, eternal, when we are no more.

January, 1820.

TO HER COUSIN, MARY HENDERSON,

ON HER SKILL IN PAINTING FLOWERS.

WHEN frosts embrown the lonely plain,
And blasts despoil the silent grove ;
When rigid winter's iron reign
Has banish'd grace, and life, and love,

You bid the blooming year revive,
In varied wreaths and flow'rets gay ;
The purple sweets of summer live,
And brightly bloom the charms of May.

Beneath your hand each flow'ret blows,
Your art in native grace renews
The blushes of the modest rose,
And splendid tulip's varied hues.

The bright carnation's vivid red
Now seems to woo the summer gale ;
The lily hides its bending head,
Protected by a leafy veil.

The crimson stock its tints displays,
The daisy's opening buds unfold,
The primrose blooms, and vi'lets raise
Their purple heads, adorn'd with gold.

We heed no more th' inclement skies ;
The frowns of winter disappear :
We view, restored before our eyes,
The beauties of a milder year.

In every lovely flower we trace
What, near thee, all must feel and see,
The charms of beauty, love, and grace,
Created and inspired by thee.

February, 1816.

TO THE SAME, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THE trophies won by val'rous deeds of arms,
Of blood-stain'd triumphs many a poet sings ;
Genius, too oft misled by glory's charms,
Embalms the praise of heroes and of kings.

Such venal laureats shame the sons of song :
Fictitious worth and flatt'ry's art I scorn ;
To grace and beauty all the strains belong
That flow, spontaneous, on thy natal morn.

Now pure and glitt'ring as the pearly dew,
Youth's fairy scenes of love and joy uncloze ;
Hope's brilliant prospects opening to thy view,
As fair and vivid as the morning rose.

Ev'n nature, conscious of her favourite's power,
Surveys her fairest work with partial eyes,
Recalls her zephyrs to the vernal bower,
And bids the spring in earliest fragrance rise.

While all around the birth of beauty hail,
 Nature and art their varied charms display,
 Let not one shade of pensive sorrow veil
 The bright illusions of this festive day !

The year will pass, the roseate garlands fade,
 The sound of mirth, youth's frolic, soon be o'er ;
 We know it well, for all, enchanting maid,
 Must meet the fate that all have met before.

Yet though the envious years thus glide along,
 Maturer worth will tempt the Muse again ;
 Oft shall the charms which grace this humble song,
 Shed deathless lustre on the poet's strain.

Then why lament the universal doom
 Sung by the Muse, engraved on ev'ry heart ?
 Far distant times shall see thy lasting bloom
 Awaken love, and future fame impart.

TO THE SAME.

HOW vain, dear girl, the sceptic's joy,
To darken this terrestrial sphere ;
And, with the gloom of doubt, destroy
Our future hope, our solace here !

Did life present one scene of flowers,
And joy and pleasure ever bloom ;
If youth and love were always ours,
We need not look beyond the tomb.

But since, in this strange world, we prove
The frown of fate's resistless sway ;
Since all we prize, and all we love,
Must perish, fall, and pass away :

Oh, how could we such sorrows brave.
The loss of all most dear sustain,
Unless we hop'd, beyond the grave.
To meet in endless bliss again !

More happy in the sphere of peace,
 The voice we love again to hear,
 Where mortal ills and wishes cease,
 And we no longer doubt or fear.

Even thou, sweet girl, with placid brow,
 The mirror of thy virtuous mind,
 Which smooths for thee each scene below,
 And seems to raise thee o'er mankind :

More tranquil in the realm divine,
 From every care and sorrow free,
 Shall meet with souls as pure as thine,
 And all around resemble thee.

And she who in this vale of tears,
 With many an anxious thought opprest ;
 Whose troubled state of hopes and fears,
 Will then enjoy eternal rest.

No longer fancy's wayward child,
 Be then contented and serene ;
 Renounc'd each vision that beguil'd,
 Or dim'd for her this mortal scene.

Though death obscures fame's brightest blaze.
 And earthly pleasures cease to flow ;
 Remov'd, the happier soul surveys
 With pity all it left below.

This is my hope ; the sceptic's pride
 May treat the thought with cold disdain,
 Or with more chilling art deride,
 The pleasure of a hope so vain.

But thou, dear friend, though blest thy doom,
 As aught upon a world like this,
 Well pleas'd, may view, beyond the tomb,
 A long futurity of bliss.

And when we part in death's deep shade,
 May thou in tender pity view,
 Where low and cold the heart is laid,
 That once most kindly beat for you.

'Twill soothe to think in realms divine,
 No more disturb'd by mortal care,
 A deathless soul, resembling thine,
 With hopes refin'd, awaits thee there.

November, 1819.

TRANSLATIONS.

PETRARCH.

OH, could my life these ceaseless ills survive,
And see time's progress, my enchanting fair,
Thine eyes of all their brilliant light deprive,
And twine in silver braids thy golden hair;
See thee no more youth's graceful garments wear,
And thy soft cheek renounce its vivid bloom;
No longer then too timid to declare
The hidden sorrows that my heart consume;
I then might tell what anxious hours I bore,
Of days and years now idly past in vain:
And if in age we feel that love is o'er,
Still may thy gentle pity sooth my pain,
Still some indulgent sighs and tender tears,
Requite the anguish of my early years.

SONNET II.

WHERE birds lament, and verdant foliage stirr'd
By summer breezes, whisper as they blow,
While on the cool and flowery shores are heard
The lucid waves that in hoarse murmurs flow ;
As oft reclin'd I breathe my strain of wo,
Or my lost love in pensive thought deplore,
Her matchless beauties fancy's dreams bestow,
To bless my sight, and her soft voice restore.
“ No more thy life in timeless grief consume,”
In pitying tone, she seems to say, “ No more
Let falling tears lament the happier doom
Of one so blest ; whose mortal sorrows o'er,
Finds purer lights beyond death's silent gloom,
And lives in endless joys unknown before.”

SONNET XXVII.

ALONE and pensive o'er deserted plains,
Silent and slow, with measur'd steps I stray,
And shun, with eyes intent, where'er remains
A human trace, along the sandy way.
Alas! no other refuge can I find
To hide my sorrows from the vulgar gaze ;
For still the burning torments of my mind,
Each anxious look and wayward act betrays.
To mountains, shores, to woods, and waves reveal'd,
The secret anguish of my sorrowing heart ;
They know a passion from the crowd conceal'd,
Yet can their aspect no relief impart.
Relentless love with ev'ry scene must blend,
Direct my footsteps, and my thoughts attend.

SONNET XLII.

ZEPHYR returns with all his youthful train,
 The verdant turf and fragrant flowers renews;
 The swallow's voice, the nightingale's sweet strain;
 The spring adorn'd in white and vermil hues.
 Now smiles the mead; the azure arch above
 Shines with serenest beams of fond delight;
 Earth, sea, and air confess the power of love,
 And all in nature at his shrine unite:
 But still in sighs I pass my lonely hours,
 And still my Laura's timeless fate deplore;
 The song of birds, the meadows deck'd with flow'rs.
 E'en beauty's aspect charms my eye no more:
 The loveliest beings, scenes by nature grac'd,
 Seem savage monsters, and a desert waste.

SONNET CXXVIII.

BLEST turf and flowers ! where oft, in thought profound,
My Laura rov'd, and with light steps caress'd :
Ye shores that heard her voice of magic sound,
And bear the traces which her feet impress'd !
Delightful bowers and shades of brilliant green,
Ye am'rous vi'lets that pale tints display ;
Umbrageous forests which adorn the scene
With foliage glowing in the solar ray :
Enchanting land ! O lucid stream, that laves
Her blooming cheek, and from her sparkling eyes
Derives new lustre, as thy envied waves
Caress her charms and brightly o'er them shine ;
Each rock that in their liquid crystal lies,
Shall burn with flames as warm and pure as mine.

SONNET CXLII.

THROUGH darksome forests, lonely, wild, and drear.
 The haunts of danger, I securely rove ;
 For nought in nature can my bosom fear,
 But the bright sun, whose ardent rays are love :
 Imprudent thought ! I raise the tuneful strain :
 Fate cannot veil her image from my eyes ;
 I think I see her 'mid the virgin train ;
 And round me beech and waving fir-trees rise :
 I seem to hear her—'tis the zephyr's breath,
 The rustling foliage, or some bird's sad song,
 Or waters rippling o'er the turf beneath.
 Yet the lone gloom of this embowering shade
 Might charm my heart—but absence, now too long.
 Unwilling parts me from my lovely maid.

SONNET CLXII.

THE gentle gales that through the foliage move,
Fan my warm cheek, and gently murmur round,
Recall to mind the blissful hours when love
Gave the first wound, so sweet, yet so profound ;
Which first display'd that face divinely fair,
So long by scorn, or jealous pride, conceal'd,
And, deck'd in gems, that undulating hair
Its flowing graces to my gaze reveal'd.
Or gently twining with more studious care,
(At the soft thought my bosom trembles still)
Those lovely tresses formed the fatal snare,
And bound my heart with such resistless skill
'That death alone the magic cords can move,
Alone untie the mystic knots of love !

SONNET CLXXXVI.

NOW slowly sinking in the illumin'd main,
Day's setting orb has bath'd his golden car,
And my sad thoughts the pensive shade retain
That gradual steals along the dusky air.
To those that hear not, senseless I complain,
To skies, the moon, and every distant star,
Earth, fortune, love, and to my absent fair,
In sorrowing accents I lament in vain.
And sleep is fled ; the lone and live-long night
To sighs and ceaseless tears my heart resign'd ;
The dawn returning, sheds her pearly light
O'er the dark air, but cannot cheer my mind.
Alas ! no lustre can dispel its gloom,
But the bright planet which controls my doom.

SONNET.

WHEN in the skies I see the dawn disclose
Her rosy forehead and her golden hair,
My cheek turns pale, and love renews my woes,
Sighing, I say, My Laura now is there !
O happy Tithonus ! this hour is thine ;
It oft restores thee to thy constant fair ;
But ere I hope to meet again with mine,
To happier realms my spirit must repair :
Unlike our absence is thy short delay,
A single night restores thee to the care
Of one who never scorns thy tresses gray :
But, ah ! my nights and days are still consign'd
To endless grief, for her who bears away
My thoughts, and only leaves her name behind.

SONNET.

NO scene like this her image can restore,
For here 'tis ever present to my eyes ;
In freedom here her loss I oft deplore,
And fill the list'ning air with am'rous sighs :
Such sweet recesses this lone vale contains,
To sigh secure, and dream of tender loves ;
Unknown these fair retreats in other plains,
Nor found by Cupid in the Cyprean groves.
The peopled waves, the boughs that gently move,
Invite to love ; the birds, the flowers that rise ;
But the sad death of her who from above,
Recalls my spirit to the distant skies,
Far from my heart expels such thoughts of love.
And bids my soul each worldly joy despise.

ODE,

IMITATED FROM LA PRIMEVERA OF METASTASIO.

MID light ting'd groves and op'ning bowers
 The youthful spring renews her reign ;
 O'er the new turf and trembling flowers
 The sportive zephyr breaths again.
 The fields resume their vernal hue ;
 Pure rays in beaming ether burn ;
 But, ah ! the peace my heart once knew,
 Must never, never more return !
 From the tall mountain's crested head,
 The streamlet swell'd by melted snows,
 High rising o'er its pebbly bed,
 Along the moss-fring'd valley flows.
 The whiten'd thorn, the vermil rose,
 Around perfume the lenient air ;
 But, ah ! my heart no longer knows
 The pleasures of a scene so fair.
 The swain begins his fruitful toil,
 And infant harvests tinge the plain ;
 The fisher tempts his scaly spoil,
 Or guides his little bark again :

The sailors seek the rolling main,
And trav'lers from their homes depart ;
But I must ever more retain
The gloom of winter in my heart !
The birds sing sweetly from the brake,
Or rustle in the branches round ;
The glitt'ring insect tribe awake,
And young herds press the velvet ground.
But in my heart no more are found
That dawn of life which smil'd serene ;
That spring of happiness which found
The beauties of the vernal scene.
Each morn the rising source of day
Unveils the glad'ning beams of light ;
The starry train, with constant ray,
Illume the sapphire arch of night.
Each year the spring, in fragrance drest,
Shall graceful nature's bloom restore ;
But still the calm of peace and rest
Returns to sooth my heart no more.

ODE.

HOW soon life's shadowy dream is fled !
 How quickly all on earth decay !
 Grief soon must cease, nor pleasure shed.
 Ere long, her heart-enliv'ning ray.
 If pass'd in hope, in joy, or pain,
 Time's stream will ever onward glide ;
 Nought can its rapid course restrain,
 Or weaken its destructive tide.
 When proudest hopes the soul incite.
 We tread ambition's thorny road,
 And gain, at last, the giddy height
 Of lofty fame's sublime abode.
 Say, can her vaunted charms repay
 Youth lost in tumult, toil, and strife ?
 Or will her never-dying ray
 Illume the expiring torch of life ?
 If crown'd by pleasure's transient flow'rs,
 The sum of earthly bliss we prove,
 And charm awhile the rapid hours
 With mirth, festivity, and love :

'Tis past—they fade before our sight ;
 The roses droop, the thorns remain ;
 The short-liv'd joy cannot requite
 The sad regret our hearts retain.
 At fancy's light, aerial shrine,
 If, bound in fairy-spell, we stay
 Where music, verse, and wit combine,
 Dream youth's tumultuous noon away ;
 We wake—for age, with chilly hand,
 Proclaims the heavenly vision fled ;
 Bright fancy waves her magic wand
 In vain above the hoary head.
 If lonely on a foreign shore,
 In want and poverty we rove ;
 Or in our native land deplore
 Lost hope, or unrequited love ;
 How soon we find, mid sorrow's gloom,
 Eternal solace for our woes !
 The wretched in the friendly tomb,
 In blest tranquillity repose.
 Then why should we as oft incline
 To cherish joys thus quickly past ?
 Or why at care or wo repine,
 Since their worst torments cannot last ?

IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.

FORGET thee! No, in ev'ry scene
 Of pleasure, hope, or pensive care,
 Thine image, like a ray serene,
 Shall brighten joy, or check despair.

When vi'lets lift their azure eyes,
 And daisies stud the vernal dales,
 Or soft to zephyrs balmy sighs,
 The rose her blushing cheek unveils :

The beaming skies, earth's vivid huc,
 The sounds of life and melody,
 A well-lov'd image will renew,
 For thus my heart is cheer'd by thee.

When eve resumes her veil of shades,
 Her pearly wreaths and golden star ;
 And fancy mid the dusky glades,
 Paints joys long past, and friends afar :

A thought of thee must still endear
 The lovely hour of peace and rest;
 For then, as oft, when thou art near,
 A pensive pleasure calms my breast.

When moonlight sleeps upon the wave,
 And on the trembling ether floats,
 From some lone shore, or distant cave,
 The sound of music's swelling notes :

The mellow'd strains enchant my ear,
 And fix my thoughts on thee alone ;
 For when thy voice of love I hear,
 It charms me with as sweet a tone.

Retir'd to some secluded bower,
 'Twill soothe to turn the letter'd page,
 And pass the noon-day's sultry hour,
 With glowing bard or gifted sage,

And think of thee at every line
 That learning, taste, or sense inspire ;
 For in thy converse thus combine
 The sage's skill, the poet's fire.

Then all that warms my soul again,
Thy pleasing image shall restore ;
In scenes of sorrow, care, or pain,
My heart will seem to love thee more.

I heed not fate, if thou canst still
Unchang'd, amid its changes, be ;
And smile at every threat'ning ill,
As oft my thoughts revert to thee.

THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star of eve ! thy golden ray,
In purest azure, shines above
The waving shades that fringe my way,
Like distant hope, or absent love.
And trembling oft through mists of tears,
I see thee gem the tufted height,
Though mem'ry's softest charm endears,
The hour that brings thy dewy light.
Sweet star of eve ! not thus unblest,
I saw thee beaming o'er the shade,
Where late the crimson-skirted west,
The foliage of the grove display'd :
For then soft eyes, now distant far,
Like mine, towards thee oft were rais'd ;
Or turning from my fav'rite star,
On me, with pensive fondness, gaz'd.
But now to crowded haunts of men
His steps, and thoughts, alike remove ;
Forgetful mid each troubled scene,
Of hours he gave to me and love.

Yet, lovely star, while thus to thee,
In pensive sorrow, oft I grieve ;
May not one thought return to me,
Excited by the star of eve ?
May not thy ray, as pure and true
As warm affection's firmest tie,
Though mark'd far hence, the thoughts renew
Of calmer scenes, and hours gone by ?
And still recall the time of rest,
Love's stifled sigh, the shadowy glade,
The ling'ring radiance of the west,
That many a tender glance display'd ?

THE INVITATION.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MELENDEZ VALDEZ.

A STREAM that winds its grassy way
Towards the verdant mead descends,
And studs with foam and pearly spray
Each flower that o'er its margin bends.

A thousand turns new scenes bestow ;
Now clear and calm its waves are spread ;
And now in gentle murmurs flow,
And ripple o'er a pebbly bed.

The sand beneath its current roll'd,
Conceals amid its moving grains
As brilliant, and as pure a gold
As Tagus' vaunted stream contains.

But now again the rapid course,
As if by its own speed oppress'd,
At once abates, restrains its force,
And sinks into the calm of rest.

The scaly nations here resort,
 The limpid surface oft divide ;
 Emerge, at times, in graceful sport,
 Or round the liquid chrystal glide.

The spreading trees that o'er it rise,
 In all their native pomp appear,
 And twice their charms delight our eyes.
 Reflected in the mirror clear.

Melodious in the foliage bright,
 The birds begin a tuneful song ;
 Or full of joy, with sudden flight,
 Spring quickly branch from branch along.

And here the nightingale renews
 The plaints that tender wrongs relate ;
 A linnet from the shade pursues
 The progress of his flying mate.

Though lonely, not unheeded, mourns
 In cooings soft, the turtle dove ;
 For soon to her sad note returns
 With plaintive tones, her faithful love.

'The toiling bees are murm'ring round
 Where fragrant fields of thyme extend.
 Or beds of am'ranths deck the ground.
 And with the azure violets blend.

And there behold the graceful shade
 Of yonder beauteous poplar tree,
 Which, since our love, my charming maid.
 Has consecrated been to thee !

For on its polish'd bark thy name,
 In cyphers by my hand design'd,
 Eternal emblem of a flame,
 With mine in myrtle wreaths combin'd.

Ah ! hasten to this fair retreat,
 For why, my love, shall we delay ?
 I cannot bear the solar heat,
 And of thine eyes the brighter ray.

O come, my ardent vows receive,
 And let me press thy hand in mine ;
 This favour thou may'st surely give
 To one whose constant heart is thine !

The warbling birds that join their song,
The sportive flocks that bleat around,
The stream that murm'ring glides along.
Alike our happiness resound.

ODE

ON THE INCONSTANCY OF FORTUNE.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WHILE fortune's fairest gifts are thine.
Lucidas, mark those rays serene
That, beaming on the arch divine,
Shed lustre o'er the glowing scene.
Those smiling flowers, the verdant wreath,
Which now the dewy mead arrays,
The playful zephyr's gentle breath,
The flocks that in rich pastures graze.
How proud the blended trees appear,
In all their lofty honours drest ;
The grove's sweet chorus charms the ear,
And gently lulls the soul to rest.
Diffusing pearls in lucid showers,
How the swift stream that foams and glides,
Enamels all the graceful flowers
Whose varied tints adorn its sides !
Yet fear—the fatal hour is nigh ;
Soon shall the north's destructive gale
With threat'ning clouds obscure the sky.
And day's red orb in darkness veil ;

Destroy the sweets of Flora's reign,
Arrest the warbled song of love ;
The limpid streamlet's course restrain,
And tear the foliage from the grove.
As blind and cruel fortune still
May change our prospects in a day,
And thus converting good to ill,
Remind us of her fickle sway.
With all her favours once elate,
The flatt'ring gifts I own'd awhile ;
Take warning from another's fate.
Lucidas, trust not to her smile.

SONNET.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAUMI.

FROM A TRANSLATION BY A. H. PALMER.

SLEEP clos'd my eyes, yet fortune's kind control
 Still waking, bade my best lov'd appear :
 The live-long night, companion of my soul,
 Her voice melodious vibrates on my ear.
 The sugar'd accents of her lips more sweet,
 Alas ! have faded from my mind away ;
 Though 'twas my care those accents to repeat
 Again and oft until the break of day.
 Unless enliven'd by her beauty's blaze,
 The day itself is darkness to my sight :
 O happy day when first she met my gaze !
 May *Jaumi's* visions each succeeding night
 Bring that fair image still before his view
 Which, in his waking hours, his thoughts pursue.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

WHAT grace thy shape and air disclose.
 What love thy blandishments impart !
 Like the fresh foliage of the rose,
 The gentle nature of thy heart.
 As beauteous as the cypress tree
 Of Paradise, thy winning charms ;
 Thy feign'd disdain is sweet to me ;
 Thy downy cheek my bosom warms :
 The dimple that adorns it now,
 Thine eyes so languishingly bright.
 The lustre of thy polish'd brow,
 Thy statue fair, and graceful height.
 My mind, like some gay bow'r, is fill'd
 By thee with many a vision rare ;
 And fragrance through my heart instill'd.
 By locks of jasmine scented hair. . .
 Affliction's woes love's path molest,
 And yet thy friendship soothes again ;
 I die before thy face, but blest
 By one bright smile, how sweet the pain !

Though through the desert's dang'rous way
In search, where perils most abound,
Despairing Hafez still will stray,
Yet cheerfully thy name resound.

FROM THE GERMAN.

PROSE TRANSLATIONS, LMARK.

CAN ought in nature's reign compare
 With innocence and beauty join'd ?
 Or when of these possess'd, the fair
 A charm in art's allurements find ?
 Yet often does the lovely maid,
 Unconscious of their power alone,
 In borrow'd beauties seek the aid
 Of charms inferior to her own.
 As one, whose art in colours new,
 The lily's native white effac'd ;
 And the lamb's fleece of snowy hue
 With variegated dyes disgrac'd.

THE heart oppress'd with sorrow here.
 And wreck'd by many a storm of ill,
 Finds peace alone in that blest sphere
 Where ev'ry tembling pulse is still.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LIFE at its birth seems near its close ;
To live infers our final doom :
The dawn is cradle of the rose.
The night its tomb.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBES.

TITLE PAGE.

OF this sad world, where all that's born
Most lovely—meets the darkest doom;
She charmed us like the rose of morn,
And pass'd as transient as its bloom.

TRUST NOT THE SMILE.

TRUST not the smile which o'er my cheek
 This transient scene of pleasure throws ;
 Trust not the careless words I speak,
 As heedless of all earthly woes.
 Though here the gayest of the gay,
 I join the dance, attend the song,
 And seem more light of heart than they,
 Who round me form the festive throng.
 Yet by a hidden grief oppress'd,
 And diff'rent far from what I seem,
 A constant pressure loads this breast,
 Which all around so happy dream :
 For mem'ry's palid hues will fade
 My every hope of joy on earth ;
 And untold pangs all pleasure shade,
 And damp the glow of social mirth.
 But never to the senseless crowd
 Would I my sorrow's cause disclose ;
 O no ! my heart was born too proud
 To choose such confidants as those.

When with them thus I strive to feign
That pleasures bright my lot adorn.
Their idle envy I disdain,
And, prouder still, their pity scorn.
Yet, spite of all this boasted art,
Hast thou not seen my clouded brow,
With sudden shades of thought, impart
What I would ne'er the world should know ;
Then start, as with affected smile,
I haste to smooth the gath'ring frown,
And pleas'd with the successful wile,
Enjoy a spirit not my own ?
O envy not such desp'rate joy,
It veils a heart oppress'd with care :
One lonely moment would destroy.
This gay delirium-of despair.

SONG.

O think of me, though other ties
May bind, and thou long absent be
In purer climes, 'neath purer skies,
O think on me!

When eve's impurpling colours fade.
More softly o'er a distant sea,
Or morn impearls some foreign shade,
O think on me!

If splendid halls, or festive bow'rs,
Cheer'd by the voice of youth and glee.
Restore the mirth of former hours,
Then think on me.

When music breathes a melting strain,
And sounds of deep-ton'd melody,
More oft recall the past again,
Then think on me.

Though beauty charm with sportive wile
Thine hours from care and sorrow free,
And strangers greet with kindly smile,
Still think on me.

But should mishap thine hours attend,
And all seem false or chang'd to thee ;
Remember still thou hast one friend,
Still think on me.

For in this fond and constant heart,
Thine image shall for ever be,
Ah ! then bestow, where e'er thou art,
A thought on me.

FAITH.

OH! how can we at fate repine,
While youth's fair promise still is ours ;
While hope's refulgent beams still shine,
And fancy's garlands round us twine,
Fresh as the bloom of vernal bowers ?

Though fortune's frown may cloud the scene,
And care oppress our heart awhile ;
Yet brighter days, and hours serene,
Amid their storms still intervene,
And cheer us with a transient smile.

But when youth's ardour warms no more,
We justly blame a happier state ;
Fame's envied wreath, wealth's golden store,
Give less delight, life's charm is o'er,
Capricious fortune smiles too late.

ENIGMA.

I'M oft neglected, oft caress'd,
By all admired, by few possess'd ;
In different forms I please mankind,
And changeful is my state and mind.
Sometimes of adulation proud,
I shine amid th' admiring crowd ;
Sometimes neglected, and alone,
I pass unseen, unsought, unknown,
Till chance or vanity displays
My charms to universal praise.
'Tis then, with conscious worth elate.
I laugh at envy, pride, and fate ;
For time, which even these disarms,
Oft adds new lustre to my charms.

ENIGMA.

I OFT the human race surprise,
In form, like them, from dust I rise ;
In circles round where'er I stay
Appear the old, the young, the gay.
My feats the sage and monarch view,
And wonder at the things I do.
Unheard I move, nor seek for praise ;
In peace, mid courts, I pass my days.
By envious hands destroy'd in vain,
Renew'd in youth I shine again ;
No children will my race supply,
I once have liv'd, but cannot die.

ENIGMA.

MORE pure than ether, and as light
We move divided, or combin'd,
As swift as thought, and clear and bright
As visions of the loftiest mind.
Without us all in life were vain,
We join in most that mortals prize,
Paint youthful spring's reviving reign,
Or smile in autumn's brilliant dies.
The diamond's value we bestow,
The ruby's blush, the emerald's hue;
Give beauty's lips their vivid glow,
And beam in eyes of softest blue.
Together we appear the same,
And often pass for one alone;
Apart, a diff'rent hue and name,
And diff'rent aspect each may own.
Sometimes when we together join,
The chymist's toil or painter's art,
In varied form or waving line,
Dispels, conceals, or bids us part.

The earth, the air, the rolling main,
Receive alike and feel our power ;
We fade, withdraw, return again
In ev'ry gem, and ev'ry flow'r.

ENIGMA.

WHEN winter frosts enchain the wave,
Along the rocky shore I dwell ;
Or seek the robber's mountain cave,
Or pious hermit's distant cell.

I shun the crowded haunts of men,
Nor yet from crimes or horrors stay ;
The murd'rer in the dusky glen,
And fraud, and rapine bless my sway.

But still to rose-deck'd shades I fly,
And linger oft where lovers meet,
Till passion's voice, or pity's sigh,
Expels me from the fair retreat.

To prudence, sense, and genius known,
I favour wisdom's bright domain ;
But mirth, or wit, or rapture's tone,
Or music exiles me again.

1819.

ENIGMA.

EXALTED high in air I stand,
The emblem of a happy land ;
Proclaim the deeds of patriots then,
And equal rights, and free-born men.
As oft in beauty's precincts found,
And by her pliant fingers crown'd ;
The musky toilet long I've grac'd,
And on the damask pillow plac'd :
I still enhance her magic power,
At morn or evening's festive hour.
But from her smiles remov'd afar,
To mingle in the ranks of war,
The battle's fire I then sustain'd,
And shone with liquid crimson stain'd.
Yet pleasing in my rank and care,
Attendant on the brave and fair ;
Or when of civic honours proud,
I rise the idol of the crowd.
Of various fashion, hue, and size,
I'm chang'd to please all tastes and eyes ;

My diff'rent textures too may come
From Norway's coast, or Agra's loom ;
Or rising from my native earth,
Adorn the land that gives me birth.

1819.

POEM

ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

INVOCATION.

LYRE of the West, awake ! unheard, unknown,
In deep obscurity thou long hast lain ;
'Tis long since mortal ear hath heard thy tone,
Or mortal touch essay'd thy patriot strain.

Thy chords, perhaps, a master's care demand,
To strike in concord each vibrating string ;
Yet thou mayst wake beneath a trembling hand,
And breathe in artless numbers while I sing.

The feelings of most of our young people of lively imagination have been much excited by the unfounded and illiberal aspersions of English writers : they have not sufficient experience or philosophy to pass over, with indifference or derision, the malignant sarcasms, or indecorous ribaldry, that so often discredits or disgraces the British press : they will not be persuaded that the effusions of malice, or the misrepresentations of ignorance, cannot affect our national prosperity, our social enjoyments, or our domestic happiness ; or that the low, improbable, and disgusting tales of vagabond reformers, or itinerant agents, even when blazoned in the scurrilous pages of a popular Review, will not injure us : the lively sen-

sibility of youth does not readily yield to the cooler dictates of reason, but seeks for every offence some more energetic satisfaction. Eliza, feeling indignant at these defamations, imagined it would be easy to repel them by contrasting the character, the morals, and acquirements of her countrymen with those of the Europeans, and thus establish our claim to an equal participation of intellect, and a fairer portion of the virtues that fall to the lot of mankind. With this illusive, but meritorious expectation, she had composed a poem of more than seven hundred lines, entitled certainly to some credit as to talent and correct information, and to more from the warm feelings of enthusiasm for her country. It was left unfinished and imperfect, nor did it seem her intention it should be seen; and is now mentioned to introduce some verses at its close, which show how well she was aware of her approaching fate, though she was so calm and so cheerful that some of her nearest relations did not suppose she thought herself in danger.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE
UNFINISHED POEM.

LYRE of the West, farewell! my lay is o'er,
A deep and pensive silence reigns around ;
The trembling hand that woke thy notes, no more
Shall feel thy chords revibrate with the sound.

And sadly as thy dying tones decay,
They seem an emblem of the ills that wait
One whose bright visions thus shall pass away,
While none inquire a nameless poet's fate ;

Nor know that heart which felt a patriot flame,
And wish'd that flame in others to inspire ;
That mingling with its own its country's fame,
Had touched, with daring hand, its native lyre.

Death soon shall wrap in cold oblivion's gloom
Its hopes, its fears, its sorrows, and these lays ;
And in the dreamless slumber of the tomb,
Dispel all fear of blame, or wish for praise.

Yet, tuneful lyre, thy fame can't pass away,
 Though fate awhile has hush'd thy votary's strain ;
 Some happier poet in a future day,
 Will strike, with master-hand, thy chords again.

Proud are the honours of our favour'd land,
 The smile of nature, gifts of art we boast ;
 Wide spreading cities grace our peopled strand,
 And youthful navies glide along our coast.

Here just equality in peace resides,
 Wisdom and virtue scorn the chance of birth ;
 But aid each council that true freedom guides,
 And favour talents, energy, and worth.

O'er the wide world our valiant chiefs extend
 That country's fame their daring courage saves ;
 On every sea our conquering stars ascend
 In graceful triumph o'er the foaming waves.

And soon unrivall'd in the rolling sphere,
 Columbia's sons the Muses aid may claim,
 To sing their triumphs, while their deeds appear
 On the bright rolls of everlasting fame.

Then every patriot bosom shall admire
The impressive beauties of the free-born lays.
That rise spontaneous from the western lyre,
Crown'd by renown with long-enduring praise.

While soon forgotten mid the vulgar throng,
Nor praise, or favour, can the verse reward ;
Where patriot virtues grac'd an humble song,
The lay unfinished—and unknown the bard.

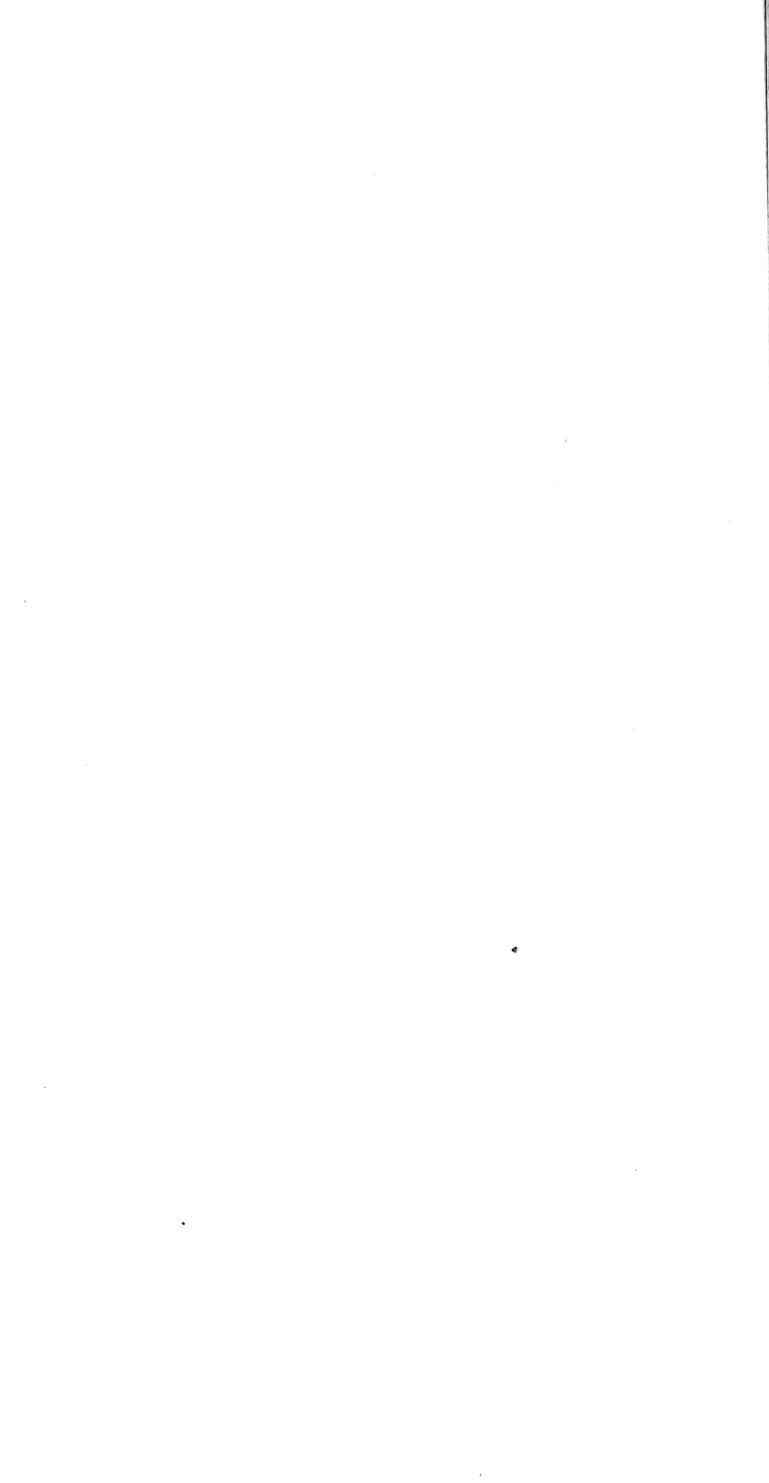
FINIS.





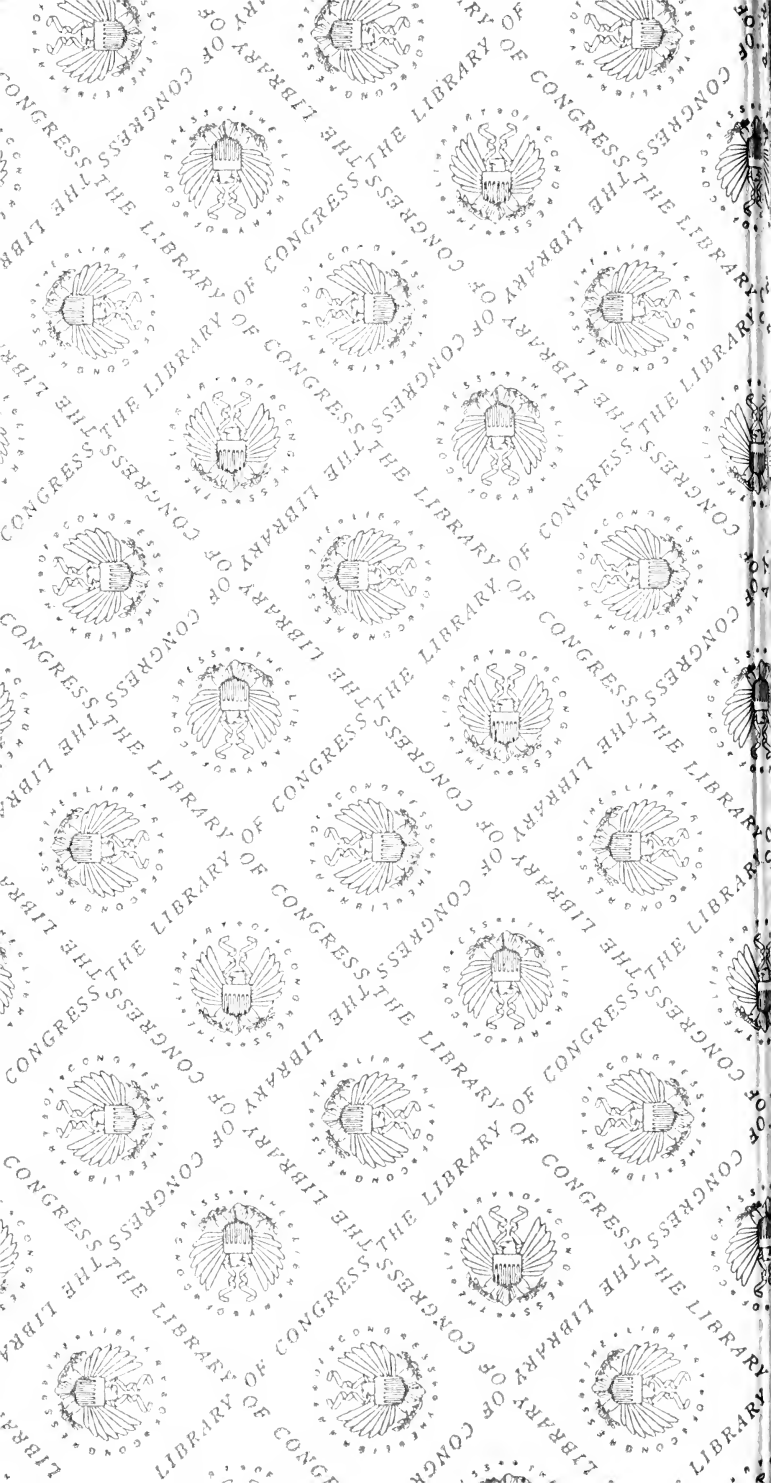












HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



DEC 88



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

